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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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1902 FINDS THE HELM IN SAFE HANDS.



ALL THAT WAS LACKING.

GLADYS.—Yes; Rupert and I are engaged; but it's a secret, as yet!

EDITH.—As yet?

GLADYS.—Yes;—until I can succeed in making him comprehend that we are engaged.

NO DEPRESSION.



TELL YE, old Basswood Corners hain't dead yet by a long shot!" remarked Uncle Jackson, on returning one evening from the post-office. "Within the last two days, as I heard to-night, Jed Sailor traded his roan mare to Ab Tuttle fer a Holstein cow and calf; Jake Heckman sold off his personal effects on the public square yesterday; Deacon Smith traded horses with a feller over in Mud-sock; Eben Marlow traded his muzzle-loadin' shotgun ter Dug Todds fer his old hound and pups; and Bill Warty has hired out ter the livery-stable fer twenty dollars a month. Ter my mind such a showin' indicates a vast amount of commercial activity."

"Yes, sir," replied Uncle Barclow; "it looks as if Roosevelt's goin' ter give us just such an administration as McKinley did."

THE REPROBATE.

YOUNG Master Nineteen Hundred Two
Dropped in on yester morning;
I busy waxed, a whole hour through,
His chubby limbs adorning.
So naked was he, it would spoil
The best of constitutions;
But soon I had him clothed, with toil,
In splendid resolutions.

And some were garments Nineteen One
Had used, but had discarded
When he his downward course begun,
And had with sneers regarded.
And some were garments new and bright,
All ready for the wearing—
Forsooth, I saw with keen delight
How Nineteen Two was faring!

Yet, would you think it? Tho' I tried
Respectable to make him,
That no one might (a proper pride)
For other years mistake him;
While I, led on by wretched hap,
Was deep in sundry matters,
Before the eve this graceless chap
Was only rags and tatters!

Edwin L. Sabin.



A TEMPORARY BACKSLIDER.

FRAYED FAGIN.—Hold on, Pard! Gimme half o' dat lickin'!

WEARY WILLY.—G' chase yerself! I'm no Socialist!

FRAYED FAGIN.—But yer wuz last week!

WEARY WILLY.—Yes! An' I will be ag'in as soon as I finish dis lickin'! Go shake a da-da!



NE PLUS ULTRA.

"Bress yo' heart! I bet your daddy am proud of yo'!"

"Yes; he say he bets I'll grow up as lubly as dem gals dey sing about in de coon songs."

MEASURE.

The applejack was pretty heady and the editor wrote:
"Sam Bickstuff, one of our most prosperous farmers, reports a new boy at his place, almost as large as a hailstone."
But the printer caught it and made it read, "weighing ten pounds."

AN UNREMITTENT FEVER.

"Uncle Clarence, what's the difference between a fad and a hobby?"

"Well, a fad sometimes gets tired and lets go; but a hobby never does."

HER MISTAKE.

"And she did n't think she would like golf at all?"

"No. She had a strange idea that plaids would not become her."



THE REMNANT STAGE.

MANAGER.—We are getting up a series of last-act performances for suburbanites who have to catch trains and have never seen these last acts.

SUBURBANITE.—How kind! But, say! Why don't you get up a series of first-act performances for city folk who come in late and never see the first act?

IN PREPARATION.

"What is the first thing to do in learning to run an automobile?"
"Say your prayers."



HIS APPREHENSION.

"Ah! I'm afraid the proprietor of this establishment welcomes the coming but does not speed the parting guest!"

It is not wise to believe all you hear; but it is well to use discretion in your declarations of incredulity.

PUCK



A WARNING.

"See here, now, you boys want to stop that!"
 "Gwan, or we 'll jest soak the ones that 's doing the most kickin'!"

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

THERE WAS once a multi-millionaire who had two daughters. Of these, the elder was a vain, frivolous creature, who thought of nothing but building orphan asylums, visiting the sick, giving alms to indigent cripples, and the like. The younger daughter was of a more serious turn of mind and devoted all her spare time to mastering the intricacies of Bridge Whist.

An impecunious nobleman from beyond the sea, hearing of the exceeding great wealth of this multi-millionaire, determined to contract a matrimonial alliance with the family. The father of the girls made no objection to the match, and it remained for the nobleman to choose between the two. As might naturally be expected, he was attracted by the lighter accomplishments of the elder daughter, rather than by the more substantial attainments of her sister. Accordingly he proposed for the hand of the former, and the engagement was announced amid great rejoicing.

About this time the country was plunged into a financial panic, in which the multi-millionaire lost all his property except what was in his wife's name. Now, the nobleman had no desire to take a penniless bride, so he promptly broke the engagement. He might have broken his fiancée's heart

into the bargain had she not been so grieved over losing the means of indulging in her favorite amusements that she had no time for minor sorrows.

Meanwhile the younger daughter had left the paternal roof and set up a bachelor-girl establishment of her own, where she supported herself in luxury by her earnings at the whist table. Learning of this, the nobleman sought her out and laid his title and his debts at her feet. He was accepted before he had time to finish his declaration, and the wedding was celebrated with great éclat. And they lived happily ever after; or, at least, as happily as was consistent with the customs of the higher circles in which they moved.

Isaac Anderson.

PAIN.

When the Christian Scientist wavered not, denying still that there is such a thing as pain, the wise old Cadi commanded that ten blows of the bastinado be administered.

"How now?" thundered the Fountain of Justice. "Is there pain, or no?"

"On my sole, yes!" roared the culprit, and his ready wit went far to extenuate his nuttiness.

GOOD AND BAD.

We find dutiable articles concealed about the fellow's person.

"This is bad business!" we say, sadly.

"And yet there are those who pretend that tariff laws make business good!" cries the smuggler, with a wild, fierce laugh.

DECEITFUL MAN.

MRS. EASTSIDE.—I want ter have me man arrested. See?

JUDGE.—For beating you, I suppose?

MRS. EASTSIDE.—No;—fer false pertences.

JUDGE (*in surprise*).—False pretences? Kindly explain.

MRS. EASTSIDE.—Yer see, Judge, he comes home last night an' made b'lieve he was as full as a goat, but when I starts in ter lick him—which I kin only do when he 's drunk—he gives me de merry ha-ha, t'rows off de phantom jag, an' near sends me ter de hospital.

1902.

Although my love is fair to see
 And young appears to view,
 Her age is like the century's—
 For she is nineteen, too.

A NIGHTMARE.

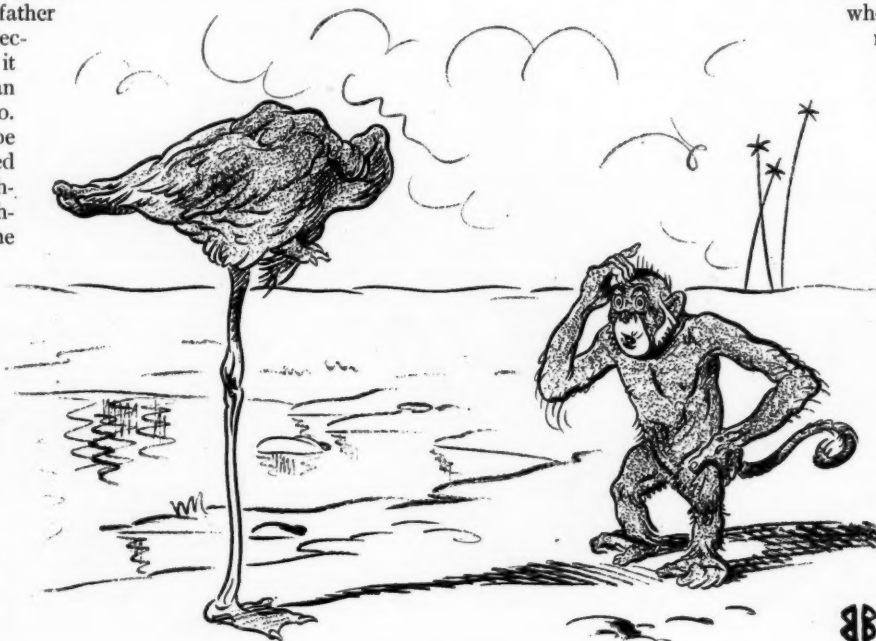
LANGUID LEARY.—Wake up, Pete! Youse was groanin' an' carryin' on terrible in your sleep!

PERAMBULATING PETE (*dazed*).—Wow! I dreamt I was at de dog show!

ONE CERTAINTY.

ELIZABETH.—Ethel Flighty is always surrounded by a crowd of young fellows anxious to teach her to skate.

JOSEPHINE (*enviously*).—Yes; no matter how little else she knows, no one can say that her skating education has been neglected.



PERPLEXED.

THE MONKEY (*looking at sleeping flamingo*).—That can't be the person who asked me to wake him at six;—I feel sure that he had two legs and a head!

PUCK

BEHIND SOCIETY'S CURTAIN.

BY HEZEKIAH SNODGRASS.

(A thrilling realistic novel of high life. Published by the Wordsworth Mealy Company.)

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—Mr. Snodgrass, believing that no author should write of matters wherein he is not fully informed, and being, moreover, a firm believer in the literary value of "local color," spent two days in New York City last Winter. He visited the purlieus of wealth, and even looked in the windows of some of the houses in Fifth Avenue. The results of his indefatigable research he has embodied in this novel, which, while possessing all the charm of a romance, is, nevertheless, a ruthless exposition of the terrible state of affairs existing "Behind Society's Curtain."

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS evening. The beautiful parlor in the palatial residence of the Eversleys was brilliantly illuminated with three large lamps. Before the flickering firelight of the grate sat Seraphita Eversley, Reginald Eversley's lawful wedded wife. Her white hands were folded idly in her lap. She was the child of luxury and those exquisite hands had never been condemned to the drudgery of hard work. She kept two hired girls, so that she did not even have to make the beds or sweep off the front stoop.

A ring was suddenly heard at the front door bell. A moment later the hired girl appeared at the door and said: "It's him, Miss Eversley."

"Tell him to walk right in," commanded the lady, imperiously.

A moment later a man entered the room with the grace and figure of an Adonis.

"Take a chair," said Mrs. Eversley, smiling sweetly at him, but trembling a little, though she did not know why.

"Don't care if I do," he replied, airily; and, laying his hat and coat on the piano, he drew a chair to her side in front of the fire and lighted a fragrant Havana cigar.

"Where's Reginald?" he asked, scowling fiercely into the flames.

"Oh! He's at the club, as usual," she replied, wearily. "He

seems to do nothing else in the evening except go to that dreadful club and play cards and dominos for money, and drink whiskey and beer. It's horrible!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," agreed the man, whose aristocratic sounding name was Francis Blessingham; "yes, he ought to be learned better—but it's all the better for me."

"Why, what are you thinking of?" she asked, raising her eyebrows, gently.

"I am thinking that you are just *too sweet* for anything," he complimented gracefully, speaking the French with an almost perfect accent.

"How lovely you speak French!" she observed, toying with the charms on his watch-chain. "You speak almost like a French person."

"Yes," he replied; "people often tell me so. It may be because the room I was born in was furnished with Louis Quince's furniture."

There was a long silence, while he puffed away on his cigar and watched the firelight playing among her beautiful tresses, where it looked like little red grasshoppers jumping around.

At last he threw the butt of his cigar into the fire and burst out: "My angel! My dear one! I love you! Let's murder your husband and run away together!"

She raised her blushing face to his, and he knew that Reginald Eversley's fate was sealed.

And thus it was that the Snake of Evil squirmed into the home of Reginald Eversley, bearing upon its back a terrible burden of woe, shame and expense.



DURING THE NEGOTIATION.

"And he has other weak points—"
"Well, Mister, if he had nothin' but strong points I would n't be standin' here tryin' to sell him for a song!"

Truman Roberts Andrews.



IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"'T is marvelous what progress hath been made in newsmongering in our days."
"Is it not? Why, thou canst hear him contradicting to-day his news of yesterday!"

PUCK



ON THE WATCH.

"Say! You 'd orter got your load to town before this!"

"Well, I wa'n't lookin' for snow."

"You wa'n't? Why, I 've been lookin' for snow ever since I got this new sled!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

RUMMER.—What started the fight?

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—Oh! Charles Henry Didd got married day before yesterday, and in to-day's issue of his paper the editor of the *Weekly Plaindealer* followed the announcement of the event with a little pleasantry about hopin' that all their troubles would be little ones. This is the third time Charles Henry has been married, and he's got seven children to show for it, and the bride has had one husband before and still has five children. And as the editor was afraid the groom would n't see the point of the joke, and stopped him in front of the post-office, the most public place in town, and started in to explain it to him in a loud voice, whereupon Charles Henry hit him on the nose, I presume it was the most natural thing in the world that they should have a fight. That's the way it started, anyhow."

APPAREL.

"Are not you a pretty big girl to be wearing only a neck-stock?" we asked.

The savage damsel cast down her eyes, confusedly.

"I 've got an Eton jacket at home, but Ma won't let me put on long clothes until my older sisters are all married off!" she said, with a note of deep pathos.

WHEN IN DOUBT, if possible, get out.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

MR. SURPLICE.—O Mrs. Dash! The church-bazar is not so bad;—it brings the church-people together.

MRS. DASH.—Mr. Surplice, after you have been in this parish awhile longer you 'll understand that for true peace and amity our church-people need to be kept apart.



WORSE LUCK.

MRS. BROWN.—You know I went to the employment agency—

MRS. JONES.—Yes? Did you get a cook that suited you?

MRS. BROWN.—Why, no! I could n't even get a cook that did n't suit me!

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR. THE COUNTRY begins the second year of a new century under auspices of the most favorable character. It is really doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. In the Treasury there is a surplus of agreeable dimensions. In the White House there is an executive who will see that the surplus is not too grossly maltreated. And in the country at large there is an earning capacity that was never before equalled. For the want of a Bryanless democracy we shall have to make the best of Republican rule, and Republican rule always means the attempt to put through one or more measures to tax the many for a sacred few. This year it will be a shipping-subsidy bill, but even the chronic looters warmest in its support confess to doubts of its passage. There is a well-defined sentiment in both houses of Congress against it, and the President, in a message long enough to give it room, was far from enthusiastic in its support. The message, indeed, was almost as broad as it was long, and foretells an administration not wedded to the subsidy idea in any form. All things considered, the year 1902 promises to be worth living out, at least in these United States.

A SCARED CABLE COMPANY. THE Anglo-American Cable Company seems to have been badly frightened by Marconi's wireless telegraph tests. It is the most significant tribute yet paid to the wireless invention.

The public has liked to read of Marconi's tests, and there was a genuine thrill in the announcement that he had magically sounded the three-dot S across the Atlantic. But the commercial aspect of the thing has not hitherto been regarded seriously by the general public. In seeking to prevent Marconi's further experiments in New Foundland, however, the Cable Company has done more for Marconi in a day than a score of finished promoters could have done in a year. If the company really fears that Marconi is about to master the field of ocean telegraphy,—and its action indicates as much,—it does foolishly to advertise its fears. Marconi's stock will be boomed by such a course and its own inevitably sent down. It is true that the stage-coach owners sought to stop the nefarious steam-cars from running a few years ago;—they could hardly have been expected to know that they should sell out quietly and invest in railway stocks. The Anglo-American Cable Company, however, is composed of men who ought to have learned a thing or two in the last fifty years.

THE ENDLESS WAR. LABOR AND CAPITAL have been meeting in New York to say nice things about each other, and the result is described by a sanguine press as "truly epoch-making," one journal, indeed, promising in exclamatory head-lines that there will be "No More Strikes in This New Century." The whole affair is ominous. There was an International Peace Conference a little while ago, at which the great expense, inhumanity and needlessness of war were established beyond argument. That, too, was described as "epoch-making" by those journals whose enthusiasm is set on a hair-trigger. It was to "mark a new era" and all the rest of it. And yet there has been rather more war since that conference ended than there had been for a much longer time before it. The present peace-conference between Labor and Capital may not be followed by the greatest strike of modern times, but there will be no occasion for surprise if it is. The objections to war are but

slightly deterrent; and the cost of a strike has never prevented one where Labor really felt its grievances. Nor will agreements to arbitrate work any magic reform. Trivial disputes and misunderstandings may often be so adjusted, but in the larger differences only a trial of strength, it is to be feared, will satisfy both parties. Capital, as in the past, will be for getting the most labor for the least money. Labor, as in the past, will keep the price of its commodity as high as it can. Each will continue to be as arbitrary as it dares, and the harmony of their relationship will continue to depend solely on their being equally afraid of each other. So long as Capital believes it is paying as little as it can pay, and Labor believes it is getting all it can get, there will be no strike. But when this belief becomes unbalanced again, all the beautiful things they have said of each other will be instantly forgotten.

DEPORTING ANARCHISTS. SENATOR HOAR's plan for confining all anarchists on some remote island will probably not be carried out. The trouble is that you can't

prove a man to be an anarchist except by his own admissions, and in the face of such a law anarchists would cease to proclaim themselves. And the law would be worse than impracticable. The type of anarchist that does things would continue to do them, obliging the police to cope with him exactly as they must now, but the law would undoubtedly multiply his numbers by affording finer opportunities for his martyrdom, and by raising him to an importance he can not achieve under his present liberty to talk himself out. So long as government falls short of perfection there will be extremists to disbelieve in any government: illogical persons who are unable to see that the world's present governments have grown out of the very condition which is their ideal, and would grow so again if their ideal were reverted to. Yet those of this belief who commit lawless and destructive acts are so rare that ordinary police surveillance is all they require. If it did not prevent the murder of a President we may be sure that neither would that crime have been prevented by any law such as Senator Hoar advocates. In fact, it is almost certain that no statute that legislative ingenuity could devise would have prevented the assassination of President McKinley. It is also a general belief that greater watchfulness on the part of the men supposed to guard him would have saved his life. As to the talking anarchist—excepting the one who advocates violence, and him the police already have power to suppress—his talk is so nearly its own answer and its own cure that it ought not to be kept in.



APROPOS OF THE STRANGER.

CHOLLY.—But a woman does n't always size up a man correctly, doncherknow!

SHE.—No! If she did, Cholly, she might make some people feel several sizes smaller!



JOTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

OUR OUT-DOORS BRIGADE.
PUCK PRESENTS THE NEW ATHLETIC GIRL FOR 1902.



PROGRESS



IT SEEMS to me that the education of the people has arrived at a very satisfactory stage. It seems to me that it has arrived at a very satisfactory stage, indeed. It is wonderful to consider to what a satisfactory stage education has arrived. Whether the present height and fury of education is due to the single-minded efforts of the people to perfect their intellectual being, or whether it is due to the magic of our common school system, whereby ambition is fired by the incentive of learning at the expense of somebody else, I can not say; but I am certain that in acquiring knowledge we have arrived at a very satisfactory stage.

I am certain of this, because in a wide experience among many people I find that, except as to a few indifferent matters, everybody is satisfied with his knowledge. And not only satisfied, but joyous. Even our statesmen and politicians, reluctant as they are to bestow praise, are enthusiastic about the status of education.

Now, is not all this splendid evidence of the Diffusion of Knowledge and the Dissemination of Learning?

And not only is knowledge, abstract and concrete, held in unlimited and joyous quantities, but people generally are well satisfied with their attainments in Morality. Not only satisfied, but radiant. It is inspiring to hear them tell about it. They have morality to spare and are now exporting it.

General Human Progress, indeed, in all its branches has arrived at such a stage that it seems to be satisfactory to all concerned. I am sure of this, because in a wide experience among many people I have never heard a personal complaint. The general feeling seems to be one of satisfaction, and even of elation. I have never heard a person express a wish that Evolution had begun earlier with him. It seems to me that this is very significant of our perfected state. I have never heard a person express a wish that Evolution had begun earlier with him, or worked differently or more rapidly or made fewer misquiffs. On the contrary, the general feeling seems to be one of satisfaction. The fact seems to be, in fact, that the world is now at the highest point. Evolution has done its complete work. "Well done, good and faithful servant!" we say to Evolution. "You have performed your part, and here we are. Go chase yourself!"

Such is the *congé* to Evolution. Such the dismissal of honest old Ev.

PARTING.

"We must part!" faltered Gabrielle.

"No! No! No!" cried Hermann, looking at his watch. "I have but ten minutes!"

She regarded him wonderingly. Mere child that she was, she had yet to learn that fond hearts may not part and do it right in less than two hours, at the least.

SPEAKING of the responsibilities that riches bring, no sooner have our wealthy classes learned to pronounce "chef" with confidence than "chauffeurs" begin to come in.



NOT THE ONLY ONE.

"I don't know good music from bad, myself."

"Well, sah, dere 's a lot of folks like you, only dey doan' know it!"



A SAD POSITION.

MOTHER (*ultra English*).—Yes, Robert, "the king can do no wrong!"

BOBBIE.—Shucks! Then there can't be much fun bein' a king!

CONTRITION.

"It is not so much that I fozzled as that, in my rage, I struck the caddie with my brassie!" said the golf person.

Her entourage besought her never mind, as to soothe her.

"Never mind?" the lovely girl exclaimed. "You seem not to realize that the best usage called for the mashie!"

OCCUPATION, like virtue, is frequently its own reward.

THERE ARE, no doubt, some warriors who prefer to meet a foeman who is not worthy of their steel.

THE TROUBLE with most of us is not so much that we have a hard row to hoe but that we dislike hoeing.

THE IDEAL solution of the labor question would be to eliminate the necessity for work; but, of course, there are obstacles to be overcome.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

ANOTHER ALLEGORICAL SLANDER ON THE SEX.

IN A VISION I saw the End of all Things Mundane, and the Cessation of Time. And before an Angel stood a Youth, a Man and a Woman. The flushed face of the Youth glowed with Expectation; the eyes of the Man were lit with Joy, as one who has Toiled for the Great Reward. The Woman, too, looked pleased and expectant; but then a shade crossed her face and she bit her lip with Vexation, for she thought to herself: "Lo! there are no other women here to behold me Exalted above them!"

And the Angel beckoned to the Youth and gave him a Robe, saying: "Here is the Garment of Perfect Happiness. It hath little difference from the Vestment of Youth that now apparels you; but This will last Forever!" And the Youth cried joyously: "It is far more beautiful than the one I wear!" And he passed on, singing blithely.

The Man received his Robe, and his face was as a face illumined, and he spake, saying: "Lo! The way has been Long and the Burdens I have borne were Heavy, but now am I clothed in Sweetness and Light!" And he went his way, rejoicing.

Then the Woman drew near, and in her bosom her heart sang as a bird. For was she not to have a new habiliment?

But, the Robe being placed upon her, she glanced down at it and said: "Are you sure it becomes me?"

And the Angel answered: "The Garment of Perfect Happiness is becoming to all who are becoming to it."

But the Woman heard him not, for her eye had detected a flaw in the weaving.

Now, this flaw was of her own Doubt; but she saw only the Flaw and questioned not its cause.

"I can fix it over," she thought; and she sat down and picked at the Flaw. Then, as her fingers seized upon a filmy strand of Hope (for Hope is the woof of Happiness, and Contentment is the warp), the threads ran, and in a moment the Garment of Perfect Happiness was unravelled into a hopeless tangle of dull-colored threads at her feet.

Then the Woman cried aloud: "Oh! The flimsy thing! Let me try on something else, please!"

But the distributor of the Garments of Perfect Happiness was gone.

And the Woman burst into tears, saying it was Just too Mean for Anything, but that That was the Way she was Always Treated!

APPLICATION.

Ain't you mean to say such things!

Roy L. McCardell.

UNDER THE LOCAL OPTION PLAN.

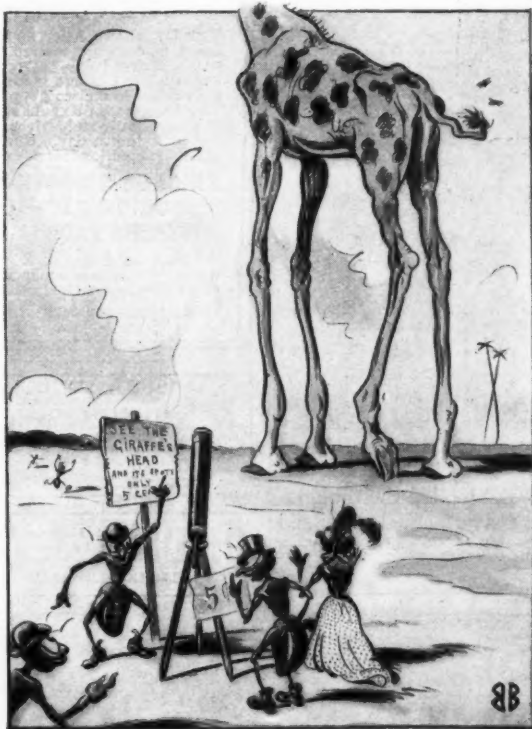
FIRST CITIZEN.—Did you vote to allow the saloons in this ward to keep open on Sunday?

SECOND CITIZEN.—No, sir! If a man in this ward wants a drink on Sunday let him go to some other ward. That's what I do!

SO SOON!

"William Jennings Bryan said:—"

"Huh! Who is—er—er—What did you say his name was?"



INSECT ASTRONOMY.

THE ANT-TELESCOPE-MAN.—Walk right up, ladies and gents, an' see the Giraffe's head and its spots—only a nickel a look!

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE BASIS OF HIS CALCULATION.

"I see that Yale is celebrating the fact that the college is two hundred years old."

"Is that all it is? Why, I've got a boy who graduated from there last June and the amount he thinks he knows could n't be taught in twice two hundred years." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



HIS OBSERVATION.

"He say I should call between vun and two."

"Well, if you 'll wait a few minutes — he's just gone to lunch —"

"Ah! In zat case I suppose he vill be back at vunce, In America time ees of more importance zan digestion!"

CYNICAL.

"See here!" exclaimed the city editor. "You speak of the bride as being 'led to the altar.'"

"Yes, sir; well?" replied the new reporter.

"Well, that's nonsense. There never was a bride who could n't find her way there regardless of obstacles." —Catholic Standard and Times.

GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

A REBUFF.

"Did it ever occur to you,"

said the thoughtful person, "that the number of matches used each day reaches the stupendous sum of 'steen billions?"

"It never did," replied the thoughtful one; "and I'll be blamed if I would have cared a straw if it had!" —Detroit Free Press.

For A Happy New Year drink EVANS' ALE



The foundation of Health and Happiness

Brewed for past 116 years by C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.

California 3 fast trains daily

FASTEST TIME ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. third day. THE PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. third day. THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. fourth day. Unrivaled scenery and most luxurious service via

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, UNION PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

All meals in dining cars. Best of everything. Personally conducted excursions every Tuesday and Thursday.

All agents sell tickets via this route.

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS

GUNTHER'S CANDIES

are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices: 1 lb. box finest selected \$1.50 3 lb. box finest selected \$2.25 5 lb. box finest selected \$3.50 C. F. GUNTHER, 212, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.



Vigorol

ASK FOR



A DELICIOUSLY SEASONED BEEF DRINK

AN AGREEABLE STIMULANT. TONES UP A WEAK STOMACH
A CUP ON RETIRING RELIEVES INSOMNIA.

SERVED AT ALL DRINKING PLACES SOLD IN BOTTLES BY
ARMOUR & COMPANY Chicago DRUGGISTS and GROCERS

Telling You About It

The American Bankers' Convention met in Milwaukee in October and many of its members visited our brewery. They were astonished at the methods in use there; and numbers of them asked why we don't tell more people about them.

That is what we are trying to do; this advertisement is for that.

If you could see us brew Schlitz beer you would be forever a friend of it. But you can't all come, so we tell you about it.

We use the finest barley and Bohemian hops. Our yeast is the best brewing yeast in the world. It is developed forever from the same mother cells—cells that are priceless to us.

Cleanliness is carried to extremes. All Schlitz beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, filled with *filtered* air. Then the beer is filtered, and every bottle is sterilized after it is sealed.

Those who see this process never forget it; and Schlitz beer has a new relish afterward. It means absolute purity. It means that we double the cost of our brewing to get it.

Why do you drink common beer, and pay just as much for it? Is not purity worth asking for?



Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

J. L. STACK

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2

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&

What it will do.

It will show you how you can go through the whole winter without chapped hands and keep your hands and face soft, smooth and velvety. That's worth a good deal.

It will acquaint you with a more perfect soap for toilet and bath than you have ever imagined could be made.

It will bring you a liberal trial tablet of Williams' Shaving Soap with the suggestion that you try it for toilet purposes.

Its absolute purity, exquisite emollient qualities and decided medicinal properties, make Williams' Shaving Soap, the very perfection of *Toilet* soaps. (In thousands of the most exacting and fastidious families no other toilet soap is ever used.)

If you think a trial of this soap is worth a 2c. stamp (the stamp simply pays postage), send it with your address to **The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.**

A package of 6 (full sized) tablets, postpaid, for 40c., if your dealer does not supply you.



THE AUTHOR.

EDITH.—Who was it said "Money is the root of all evil?"


HAROLD.—Some guy who married for it, probably.

When you are sickly and weak you fall behind in the race of life. Keep in front by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

Order of the American Wine Co., of St. Louis, if your grocer don't keep Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED": Leaves New York 5.30 every afternoon via NEW YORK CENTRAL. Arrives Chicago 4.30 next afternoon via LAKE SHORE.

Maryland Club
Pure Rye Whiskey



It tastes
old because
it is old

CAHN, BELT & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Ask for
MARYLAND CLUB
And see that you get it.

JUNE ROSES IN JANUARY.
The "Gloria." A charmingly realistic rose design by A. H. Roth—in wall papers—by the PITTSBURG WALL PAPER CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA. Your dealer can get samples.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



"May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

When some people die, the fire bells should be rung, instead of the church bells.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS


The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



ENCOURAGING.

PHRENOLOGIST.—And the bump of acquisitiveness —
CHOLLY.—Ah! I have a bump of acquisitiveness!
HIS FRIEND.—Bah Jove! Cholly, may be you're going to marry
Miss Gotrox!

CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.



The trifling man always disregards the essential trifles of life.—*Ram's Horn.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
23, 24 and 26 Bloeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of paper made to order.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.

"MY DEAR, this is my friend Smiggins, of whom you have heard me speak."
"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Smiggins. You can hardly appreciate what a convenience your acquaintance is to my husband when he stays out later than he should." — *Indianapolis News.*

"You can't do yourself justice when health is absent. Brace up and stay up with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers."

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER
PIANOS.
"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

"AFTER YOU," politely remarked the detective, as he deftly fastened the handcuffs upon the wrists of his elusive victim. — *Princeton Tiger.*

It will be impossible for the critics to kill some of the new books. They were born dead. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

"I WOULD like to know, Madam," said the man at the door, "if you have procured your jars for the Fall fruit preserving?"
"No, sir; I have not," replied the woman, wiping her chin with her apron.
"Well, I called to see if I could jar you!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A FIGUREHEAD does not necessarily have a good head for figures.—*Ram's Horn.*

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
Great Double Track Scenic Highway between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York, for illustrated descriptive matter.

WHISKEY AS A STRENGTHENER.

Hunter Baltimore Rye takes Precedence.

Gentlemen who know the difference between young, fiery and strong whiskey, with a rank whiskey taste, and the delicate, refined flavor of an old sour-mash, hand-made liquor that possesses a rare bouquet and a deliciousness known only to thoroughly seasoned whiskey, which is free from fusel oil but as rich and lovely as port of 1700, will fully appreciate the merits of Hunter Baltimore Rye.

There are thousands of people, and many women among them, who require stimulation. Convalescents, the aged, and people of delicate constitutions, are compelled to brace up Nature by creating appetite and aiding the digestive organs in their assimilating powers. Hunter Rye is an article that is rapidly taking the place of remedies advertised for strengthening and recreating, all of which rely upon the alcoholic ingredients. This rye whiskey is old, pure, palatable and just what is claimed for it—mellow, and of fine, rich flavor.

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is fast becoming
the wine-making country
of the world—

**GREAT
WESTERN
CHAMPAGNE**

—the only Gold Medal
winning American
Champagne at the Paris
Exposition—is aiding
materially in making
this possible, by its
purity, perfection, and
popularity. The equal
of imported in quality,
yet less than half the
price.

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Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.



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BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Why are authors such reticent men?"

"They have to be, so as not to disclose the fact that most of the wonderful things their publishers say about them are fictions."—*Washington Star*.

THERE was a young man named Ignatius

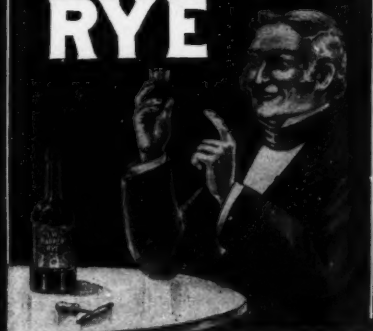
Who lived in an attic quite spacious.

When he tore his apparel

He'd sit in a barrel

Until he could mend 'em—My gracious!—*Indianapolis News*.

HARPER RYE



YOUR GRAND-FATHER USED IT

And Never Abused It

Best in the world. If local dealers cannot supply it, address the distillers,

BERNHEIM BROS.,
Louisville, Ky.

A WOMAN in love is more or less foolish, but she never finds it out so long as the man is good to her.—*Atchison Globe*.

If your dealer hasn't got

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES,

WRITE US;

WE WILL GIVE YOU NAME OF DEALER THAT HAS.

WRITE FOR

BOOKLET G, IT'S FREE!

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.,

Wholesale Tailors,

ROCHESTER,

N. Y.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL UNDER THE COLLAR

CHARITY—"AT HOME."

De trouble wid de country,

Likewise de human race,

Is—Charity so awful cold

She hugs de fireplace!

Dat 's des de trouble ever'whar' ;

Ef Charity wuz wise

She 'd git out in de Chris'mus air

En take some exercise!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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THE PUCK PRESS
Pack Building, N. Y.

HE WAS MIXED.

"Have you a name for that new star in Perseus?"

"What are you giving me?—astronomy or comic opera?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE fact that Columbus was laughed at, encourages a lot of fools.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE GRUMBLER.

The grumbler growls at Nature's plan;

He 's sorry that he 's human.

He does n't want to be a man

Nor yet to be a woman.

He 'd hate to be a beast or such

As share the fish's lot;

In fact, 't would not annoy him much

If he were not.

He takes you by the button-hole

And grumbles in your ear.

He tells you that his very soul

Is shriveled up and sere.

He wishes he were dead and gone;

But, whew! You 'd make him hot

To hint the world would still jog on

If he were not.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

INTERESTED.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I saw a headline in the paper about events on the gridiron."

"Yes?"

"Well, I wish you would read the article. I never heard of it before; but I think that a cooking-school contest must be a perfectly lovely idea."—*Washington Star*.

THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



ON NEW YEAR'S DAY 1882

a young man took out 20 Year Endowment Policy No. 241,049 in the Equitable for \$5,000—Annual Premium \$247.⁴⁵

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY 1902

he receives the Endowment in cash—and \$2,523.45 in dividends—making in all

\$7,523.45.

In addition, he has been assured for \$5,000 for 20 Years.

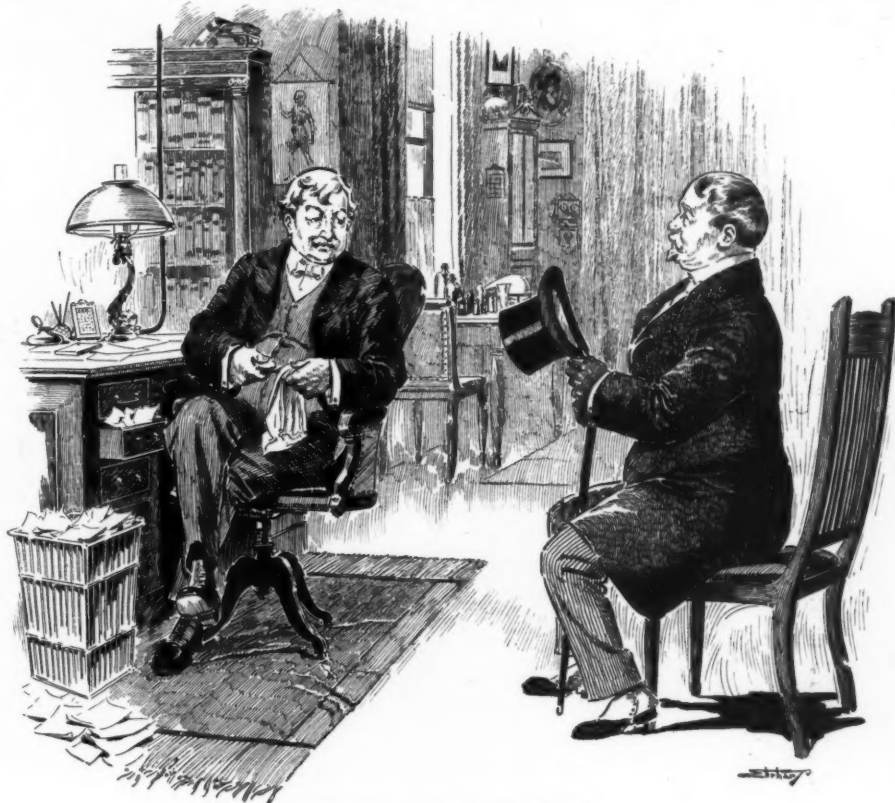
Send coupon below for particulars of Endowment at your age.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 26, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$..... if issued to a man.....years of age.

Name.....

Address.....



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

DOCTOR.—As a physician, I must condemn the use of alcoholic beverages.

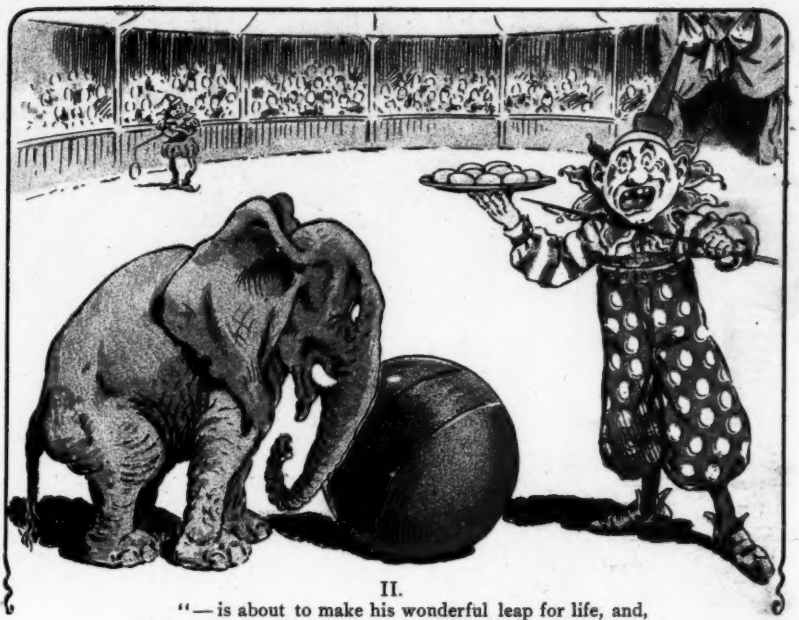
PATIENT.—But you use them yourself.

DOCTOR.—Yes; but not as a physician. When I drink, I am nothing but an ordinary human being with a thirst.

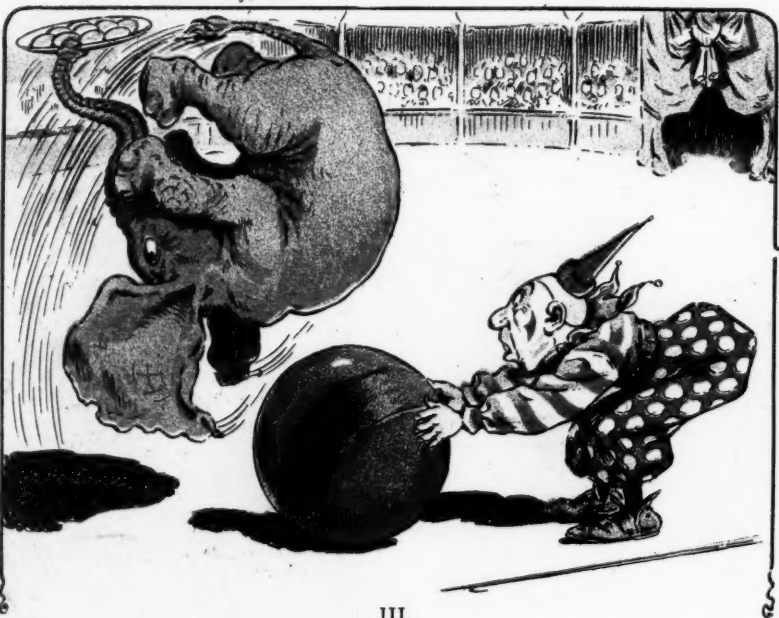
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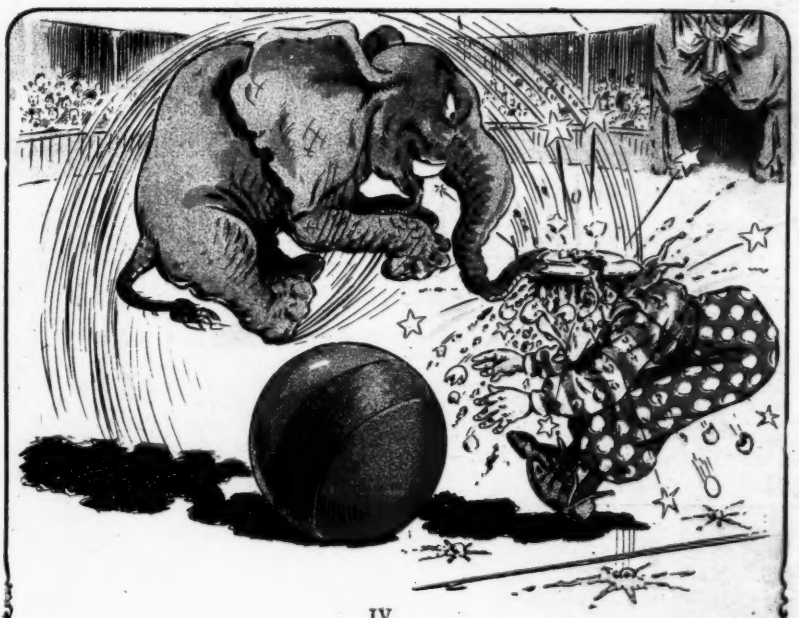
I.
CLOWN.—Ladies and gents, I have the pleasure of presenting to you, for the first time, our young friend, Little Billy, who—



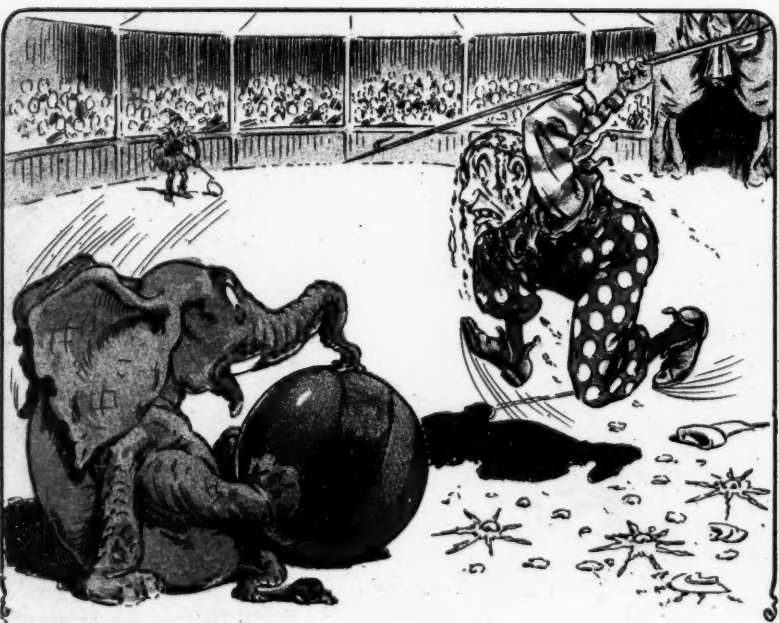
II.
"— is about to make his wonderful leap for life, and, while carrying this dish of eggs, will turn a somersault in the air, landing on the globe—



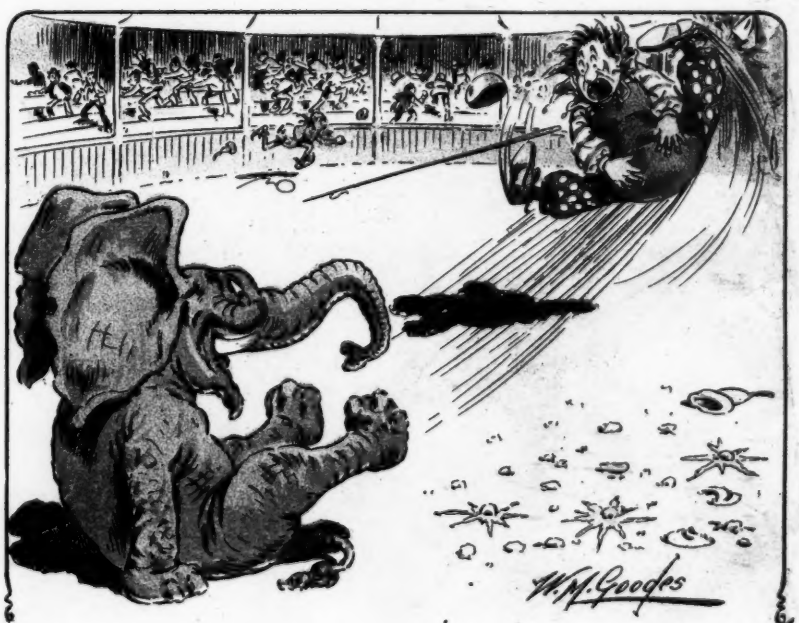
III.
"— without breaking an egg—



IV.
"— Gosh!!!!!! —



V.
"— Confound you! What did you do that for? I'll—"



VI.
LITTLE BILLY.—Oh! I don't know! Suppose you go 'way back and sit down!